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STANDARD AND MINOR GRAMMARS

AMES' SERIES OF
STANDARD AND MINOR GRAMMARS

No. 214

Chops.

ETHIOPIAN FARCE.

GIVE DASH OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND
THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS
ON THE STAGE. DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND
THE SCENE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS. DASH
NOTES MARKED FROM THE MOST AP-
PROVED ACTING COPY

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16	Alma	16
17	Alma	17
18	Alma	18
19	Alma	19
20	Alma	20
21	Alma	21
22	Alma	22
23	Alma	23
24	Alma	24
25	Alma	25
26	Alma	26
27	Alma	27
28	Alma	28
29	Alma	29
30	Alma	30
31	Alma	31
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101	Alma	101
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106	Alma	106
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135	Alma	135
136	Alma	136
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139	Alma	139
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141	Alma	141
142	Alma	142
143	Alma	143
144	Alma	144
145	Alma	145
146	Alma	146
147	Alma	147
148	Alma	148
149	Alma	149
150	Alma	150

TEMPERANCE PLAYS

151	Alma	151
152	Alma	152
153	Alma	153
154	Alma	154
155	Alma	155
156	Alma	156
157	Alma	157
158	Alma	158
159	Alma	159
160	Alma	160
161	Alma	161
162	Alma	162
163	Alma	163
164	Alma	164
165	Alma	165
166	Alma	166
167	Alma	167
168	Alma	168
169	Alma	169
170	Alma	170

CHOPS,
AN ETHIOPIAN FARCE,
IN ONE ACT,
BY G. SHACKELL.

PRINTED FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL
MANUSCRIPT.

*Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1886, by
A. D. AMES,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.*

—CLYDE, OHIO:—
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

CHOPS.

CHARACTERS.

Frederick Johnson, - - - *A young Doctor.*
Mr. Cornwell, - - - *A visitor from the country.*
Chops. - - - *A negro servant.*

COSTUMES.

Johnson—*A business suit.*
Cornwell—*Shabby-genteel.*
Chops—*Extravagant waiter's dress, high collar*

SCENE—A PLAIN ROOM.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E. [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

. The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

CHOPS,



SCENE.—*Dining room. Table C. with two chairs, a small table R. for CHOPS.*

JOHNSON *discovered standing with a note in his hand.*

Johnson. This is very annoying, we have just had dinner, and in comes our old friend Cornwell to make a visit. Hungry as a bear, no doubt, and I guess there is not much left in the larder, and to make it worse I have received a summons from one of my patients to come at once, and perhaps will not be back for a couple of hours. I shall be obliged to leave friend Cornwell in Chops' care, and Chops although a splendid servant, is always up to some trick, and I am afraid he will be trying some of them upon my visitor before I return. Mr. Cornwell is a peculiar old gentleman, and I would not have him abused for the world. However, I must caution Chops, and also see what there is for my friends lunch. (*calls CHOPS*) Chops!

Enter CHOPS slowly, R. U. E. a paper in his hand which he is reading.

Chops. Abeum Lincum say he's a gwine to
Free all de niggers in de war,
Old massa Johnson say he's a mind to
See how Abeum do dat da.

Gen. Sec. Hewitt, 10 Mar. 56, Shlc, Pl. 135.

He runs against FREDERICK as he finishes. Starts when he sees him.

Chops. Dat you massa? didn't know you was here?

Frederick. (*sharply*) Didn't know I was here? didn't you hear me call you?

Chops. Di—did you call me massa?

Fred. Yes I did. Where did you get that verse you were reading?

Chops. Dis verse? Yes, dat's one of mine. You didn't know I was a contributor, did you?

Fred. You a contributor?

Chops. Oh, yes massa, I can make more at dat dan working out; so I's going to leave you next week.

Fred. Going to leave?

Chops. Yes gwine to leave. I's tired of working for three dollars a week.

Fred. Don't it find you too?

Chops. Guess you does find me, but I haven't found de three dollars yet. I's made an engagement to contribute for de "New York Bomb Shell." I do all de heavies, and throw all de big political bombs. Won't make big pay right away till I get used to it; but after dat, why I just rake in de money. Just started last week. Course can't expect to make much on de start, but I'll get more after a while.

Fred. Well, Sam, sorry you are going to leave, and hope you will do well, and if you want to come back to work for me, why all right. (*aside*) He will be back in a week. Say, Chops, I have an old friend come in, and you must get him a lunch. He has come a long way, and must be hungry. I am called away, and shall not be back for some time. I want you to be polite to Mr. Cornwell, treat him nicely, and be sure you don't get up to any of your tricks. What can you give him for a lunch?

Chops. Don't know, massa, we's done got away wid about eberything 'ceptin' de chicken you—you brought for to-morrow.

Fred. Ah, that will do, give Mr. Cornwell some choice bits of that, some wine, and anything else you can find. Now get lunch ready at once, and mind what I told you.

(*exit* CHOPS, R. FRED *looking*, L.) Here comes Cornwell
LOW.

Enter CORNWELL, L. *they shake hands.*

Fred. Mr. Cornwell, I am sorry to say I am called away to see a patient, and will be obliged to leave you in care of my servant, Chops. He will get you a lunch at once, and I hope you will get along all right till I return.

Corn. Well, Frederick, I am sorry you must go, but you needn't be at all anxious about me; Chops and I will get along all right. (*aside*) I hope that nigger will hurry up the lunch, I am hungry as a wolf.

Fred. Come in here, Mr. Cornwell, and I will show you something to amuse yourself with till Chops gets lunch ready.

Corn. All right, Frederick, I am coming. (*looking back wistfully at table*) Gewhilekers my stomach!

(*exeunt* L. U. E.)

Enter CHOPS, R. U. E., *bringing tray with small cooked chicken. bony and very much over done. Large knife, hatchet, also bottle of wine and two glasses. Places bottles and glasses on table C., tray and chicken on side table as he comes in.*

Chops. Canary birds on toast. Well, dat am de toughest chicken I eber seed. Broke three carvin' knives trying to get thro his hide. Guess massa bought him at a bankrupt sale. I cooked him about ten hours, and he ain't showed no signs of gettin' tender yet. (*goes over to table, C., pours out wine, and drinks*) Oh, goodness, dat's lovely! Massa don't let me hab any of dat very often. Now if dat old hay-seed hadn't come, I'd agone fishing wid another coon, and he had a bottle about dat long wid him. Yum, yum! Den massa he wouldn't let me go, cause he had company come. By golly, I'll get eben wid old hay seed for dat. Gee, I'll hab more fun wid him dan a circus. (*goes to side table picks up the chicken by leg*) A few choice bites! By golly, dar aint been no choice bites on dis ar fowl since Noah's Ark lit on Bunker's Hill! Dat's a rooster ebery time. He's been roostin' around so long, he's got humpbacked. Dis must

hab been de chicken dat scratched up all Cain's clover seed in de garden of Eden. Ya, ya! He's a daisy, he is.

(slaps it down on table.)

Enter CORNWELL, L. U. E.

Corn. Say, Chops, haven't you got that ar lunch ready yet?

(CHOPS looks at him, turns around and laughs to himself.)

Chops. (aside) Oh, look at de old sardine!

He continues to laugh. CORNWELL comes over and slaps him on back, CHOPS starts.

Corn. What are you laughing at, you white-washed angel?

Chops. I wasn't lafin'.

Corn. Yes, you was.

Chops. No, honest I wasn't

Corn. I tell you I know you was.

Chops. Den I must hab been lafin'.

Corn. Of course you was, you can't fool me.

Chops. Dat's all right, who said I wasn't?

Corn. You did. Now see here, have you got that lunch ready!

Chops. Say, massa, what's your name?

Corn. My name is Cornwell. Drove in thirteen miles this mornin', and I am about cavin' for something to eat. What have you got for lunch?

Chops. Got some bery tender chicken here, I'll give you a few choice pieces ob dat, and a bottle of elegant wine, dat's all I can scrape up.

Corn. Well, hurry up and cut that chicken, I'm starved.

Chop. Well, say, massa Carnstock——

Corn. Cornwell I told you.

Chops. Yes, dat's what I said, Cornfield. Say, massa Corncrib, if you just sit down here and look ober de paper, I'll hab de chicken ready in a minute. *(hands paper)* Dat's de last paper.

Corn. *(takes paper, sits at c. table facing the audience)* This ain't the last paper, it's a week old.

Chops. Oh, no, massa, dat am de last; got it outen de post office dis mornin'.

Corn. I tell you its a week old; look at the date. July 16th., that's last week.

Chops. Oh, you can't tell nuffin' by dat, dey just forgot to change de date, dat's all.

Corn. Well, hurry up with that chicken.

Chops. Yes, massa. (*goes back of CORNWELL'S chair examines attentively his bald head*) By golly! what a skating rink dat would make. Looks like a Minnesota farm after de grasshoppers had make a call.

Corn. (*sees him and turns quickly*) What are you doing there?

(*as he speaks, CHOPS points to a piece in paper and reads.*)

Chops. Horrible slaughter! Three persons burnt up by a cyclone.

Corn. (*angry*) Will you bring that chicken?

Chops. Yes, massa, you shall hab it at once.

CORNWELL pours wine in glass sets on table. CHOPS starts for side table, but sees wine, and as CORNWELL turns to paper, CHOPS drinks wine, then goes to chicken, chops off one leg with hatchet. Next sharpens knife on floor, and succeeds in cutting off several pieces of skin and bones—exerts himself very much. CORNWELL turns, takes glass, carries it to mouth, is astonished to find wine gone. Looks at glass, then at CHOPS; seeing CHOPS at work, pours more wine, holding it in his hand after tasting it. CHOPS takes large straw, goes up behind him and drinks wine through straw, then brings plate with what chicken he has cut, and places before CORNWELL. CORNWELL turns, carries glass to mouth, and is very much astonished to find it empty, but sets glass down and turns his attention to plate.

Chops. Dar, massa, dar's some to begin on. I'll hab some more directly.

CORNWELL devours chicken ravenously; finally chokes very badly; gets red in face. CHOPS runs to his assistance, goes behind chair, pulls his head back, succeeds in pulling a large piece of skin from his mouth.

Corn. (recovers—to CHOPS, angrily) Say, bring me something I can eat, not a lot of skin and bones; hurry up now.

Chops. Yes, massa, you shall hab some in a second. (aside) By golly, old Cornfield had it bad dat time; I tought Gaberal called him sure.

Exit and returns with hand saw, saws chicken in two, takes both pieces to table, also takes bottle like first marked "poison," throws one half of chicken upon CORNWELL'S plate, sits in chair at side of table, and begins to chew at the other half; helps himself to wine from bottle on table.

Corn. (sees him) Say, drop that wine, you——

Chops. Dot's just what I'm doing, massa.

Corn. I mean give me that bottle!

Chops. Oh, dat's different!

Changes bottles, gives CORNWELL poison bottle. CORNWELL takas a swallow or two, spits it on the floor, takes up bottle, sees label and is horrified; turns to CHOPS and finds him drinking from the other bottle, gets excited.

Corn. Say, Chops, was there poison in this bottle?

CHOPS takes no notice; continues drinking. CORNWELL gets more excited, bangs CHOPS on the head, and repeats question. CHOPS jumps.

Chops. Yes!

Corn. Well, I drank some of it. I'm poisoned!

Chops. Guess you are. (drinks.

Corn. (pleadingly) Chops, do you mean that? will it kill me?

Chops. Sure thing. If you drank half a drop of dat stuff, it will kill you deader dan dat rooster.

Corn. Oh, what shall I do? Oh, Chops, what did you give me that stuff for?

Chops. I didn't do nuffin', what are you talking about?

Corn. You gave me the bottle.

Chops. No I didn't, massa Pop-corn, I just had de bottle in my hand; was going down cellar to kill some rats,

and you took de bottle and drank it. But you needn't make so much fuss about it, you might as well die now as any time. You got to die some time.

Corn. Oh, Chops, go and get Frederick; may be he can give me something!

Chops. (*drinking*) Habn't got time massa. You needn't be alarmed, you'll die all right.

Corn. But I don't want to die; I ain't ready to die.

Chops. Well, you better get ready den; you better say your prayers, and go and lie down dar somewhere, and die decent. Don't make so much noise about it; you interrupts my reflections. (*drinks.*)

Corn. Chops, h-how long does it take to-to kill a person?

Chops. Well, 'cordin' to de way it lays out de rats I should think dat you would last for as much as ten minutes yet.

Corn, (*beside himself*) Ten minutes! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (*bows head on table and moans loudly, then suddenly jumps up, rushes out L. U. E., and brings up against FRED. who is coming in, both fall on stage—CHOPS roars with laughter.*)

Fred. (*getting up*) What's this! What's the matter?
(*CHOPS sneaks off R. laughing.*)

Corn. Oh, I'm poisoned, I'm poisoned! Give me something, quick!

Fred. (*calls*) Chops! Chops!

Enter, CHOPS, R., running, looking very innocent.

Chops. Yes, massa, what you want?

Fred. Come and help me lift him to a chair, he says he is poisoned, then run and get me some mustard and warm water. Now quick! (*they lift him to chair, exit CHOPS R., running—CORNWELL acts very sick*) What is it, where did you get the poison?

Corn. (*feebly*) I drank it out of a bottle, thought it was wine.

Enter, CHOPS R., with large dish and spoon, gives to FRED.

FRED gives CORNWELL several spoonfull—CHOPS trying to assist, laughing—medicine makes CORNWELL worse.

Fred. You must vomit, or you will die. How do you feel?

Corn. (*very sick*) I feel as though I wanted to die.

Chops. Oh, you will die all right.

Fred. You keep still!

Corn. It's all Chop's fault, he gave it to me.

Chops. Didn't do no such thing, didn't know nuffin 'bout it.

Fred. Where is that bottle? (*looks around—sees bottle*) Is this it?

Corn. Yes, that's it. Chops gave it to me.

Chops. No, honest, massa Frederick, I didn't know nuffin 'bout it. Guess massa Corncrib has got de snakes, he had a terrible pile of wine.

Fred. Why, this is not poison, it is only salt and water. (*angry*) Chops, this is one of your tricks, you shall catch it this time.

FRED starts for CHOPS, CORNWELL suddenly recovers, grabs up broom and also rushes for him, they chase him round stage, CORNWELL at CHOP'S heels, using broom on his head, CHOPS shouting. FREDERICK following CORNWELL, CHOPS suddenly stops, stoops down and CORNWELL goes over him falling on stage, FREDERICK stumbles and falls over him—CHOPS stands near laughing.

CURTAIN.

*THE LATEST IRISH COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS,
BY BILLY F. LEE—ENTITLED*

Muldoon's Blunders.

*For five male and five female characters. Time of play-
ing, 2 hours and 15 minutes.*

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Muldoon's office—Katie Muldoon and Otto B. Honest, the actor—The rehearsal of Damon and Pythias, interrupted by Widow McGreevy—"Divil a bit of fun did I see at all, at all"—Widow McGreevy informs Katie of her fifth matrimonial venture—"Sure it's your father, Larry Muldoon I'm going to marry"—Katie and the Widow planning a joke on Muldoon—Katie pleads the Widow's cause—Muldoon's entanglement with Julianna—Katie's advice, "Marry the one you love best—Toby and Muldoon—"Murder! murder!"—Katie comes to Toby's assistance—Julianna threatens Muldoon—"She's daffy"—"I'll commit suicide"—The joke on Muldoon—Serenade by the salvation army—Widow McGreevy, Captain—Speech by the Widow, which is over heard by Muldoon—He loses his temper—"I'll be revenged, I'll marry Julianna and spite the Widow"—Muldoon and the Count—Adolph Bismarck warns Muldoon—Widow McGreevy on the war path.

ACT II.—Bismarck and Otto at the restaurant—Trouble begins—The changed signs—The downfall of Germany—Katie and Otto's little plan—Toby earns five dollars—Muldoon's experience in getting a license—Julianna and Bismarck—The Widow appropriates Julianna's lunch—Toby—"Dar'll be a hot time in the ole town to-night"—The Widow's lament—Toby and Julianna—Katie, as Julianna, discovers the Count's secret—Toby's abduct—The mock marriage—"Golly, I kidnapped de wrong gal."

ACT III.—Toby and Widow, the masquerade ball—Widow's fine music—Muldoon and the Widow—The mouth-organ—Otto persuades Muldoon to appear drunk, in order to unmask the Count and Julianna—The Widow and Muldoon—"Sure and he's drunk as a coon"—The Count and Julianna arrested—"Faith an I'll marry the Widow afther all."

Price 25 cts.

TRIXIE;

—OR—

The Wizard of Fogg Island.

A drama in 3 acts by Bert C. Rawley, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Costumes to suit characters. Time of playing, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I. *Scene I.*—Webber mansion—Mr. and Mrs. Webber discuss the future welfare of their son. King—King and Jennie return from a pleasure trip—The Wizard's prediction—Anthony Webber makes a discovery—The secret—"There is only one witness to my crime!"—A glimpse of the past—The fatal card—"I must find a way of escape." *Scene II.*—Fogg Island—The Wizard's cave—Little Trixie—A song brings fond memories—A discontented lady—A father's good advice—An Irishman's idea—The lost locket—The loser loses his head. *Scene III.*—Webber mansion—Terry and Penny Ante have an interview—Surprised—Father and daughter—The sacred promise—The living witness—The Wizard appears.

ACT II. *Scene I.*—Wizard's cave—Terry and Penny arrive—Penny's libber out of order—The Wizard's soliloquy—Trixie and the wounded man—The dismay of the Wizard—King Webber—Terry is puzzled—Clifford Ellison arrives—His resolve—A glimpse of the past—"Who is this man?"—The attempted murder—Trixie on deck—Foiled. *Scene II.*—(Lapse of one month)—Webber's mansion—Penny's disordered libber—Terry's little scheme—Ellison's presentiments—Mother and son—A mother's pleading—The secret—"It is murder, my son!"—The Wizard appears—"No, my friend, your father is innocent"—May God bless you."

ACT III.—Webber mansion—The answer given, "No!"—Ellison threatens—Despair—The evidence destroyed—"Warner Webber lives!"—Foiled—Jennie's flight—The Wizard's Daughter—United at last. Price 15cts.

A \$10,000 WAGER.

Farce in 2 acts, by I. M. G. Wood, 4 male, 2 female characters. Time, 30 minutes. Miss Clara Farly, Judge Flint's niece, wagers \$10,000 that he will give his consent to the marriage of his niece, Minnie, to Walter Bland, whom he has refused to accept as her suitor. The means she takes to obtain the wager is very amusing. The characters are all good, will make a good after piece. Price 15c.

◆ Uncle Zeberiah; ◆

—OR—

Just Plain Folks.

A Rural comedy-drama in 4 acts, by Edwin Weever, for 11 male and 4 female characters, (can double to 6 male and 3 female characters.) Time of performance, 1 hour and 50 minutes. A play of powerful dramatic interest. Good comedy relieves the serious plot. Scenes are laid between the city and country. Clean, bright and strongly recommended.

.....

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Uncle Zeb's farm—Zeb. makes his toilet in anticipation of his daughter's homecoming—Joe, her girlhood's chum—The villain appears—Richard plots to rob the farmer of his land—Taggs, a waif, finds a friend in Uncle Zeb.—Barkley, the jealous miser—Plotting to steal the deed of the farm—Rose's return and the meeting of Richard—She consents to become Richards wife to save her father's home—"Little gal, your happiness is my only pleasure since your mother and little Mary went away"—The elopement—A father's anguish.

ACT II.—Drawing-room in N. Y. City—The plot thickens—The farmer and the telephone—Taggs discovers where Richard has Rose hidden—Meeting of Richard and Violet, his wife—A demand for justice, which is refused—An attack and escape of Richard.

ACT III.—Den of Isaac Lovinsky—Isaac and Rachel—Rose a prisoner—Attempted murder ends in a fight, in which Violet makes her escape—Taggs arrives in the nick of time to save Rose's life—"Not so fast mine Jewish friends."

ACT IV.—Uncle Zeb's farm—Baldy and Mandy—Baldy has a difficult task in making the butter come—Richard arrives to claim and take possession of the farm—Baldy uses a pitch fork to good advantage—Rose explains the cause of her leaving home with Richard—Violet's story of her life—Uncle Zeb. discovers that Violet is his long lost daughter, Mary—The lost deed is recovered and the villain exposed and put to rout—Uncle Zeb. finds he is a very rich man—Happy ending.

Price, 25cts.

A Desperate Game.

A Comic Drama in 1 act, by John Madison Morton, for 3 male and 2 female characters. Time of performance, 55 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

Ratcliff effects an entrance and disposes of an unknown intruder by locking him in a closet—Mrs. Somerton relates an incident to Peggy—A proposition which is carried out by the burglar—A remarkable tale of the robbery—The loss of \$15,000 makes Postlethwaite undecided in his affection for Mrs. Somerton—Captain Ratcliff confesses to the burglary in order to get rid of his rival—Postlethwaite, who wanted to marry Mrs. Somerton for her money—Postlethwaite discovers his mistake too late.

Price, 15cts.

The Country Squire.

.....

A comedy-drama in four acts, by J. Howard Bauman, for 9 male (can double to 8 male) and 4 female characters. Time of playing 2 hours and 30 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Squire Gray—Alice and Cynthia—The mortgage—“You know the Squire don't care so very much for me”—“Daddy is so backward”—Arrival of Sally with her lunch—Cynthia disgusted—“Why, I have never been married”—Squire Gray—Sally finds a home—“Good-bye old lady; call again”—The Squires' soliloquy—Anthony Ross, the oil agent—A proposition and the acceptance—“Whoopee! Ten thousand in clear cash”—Cynthia cannot understand Squire Gray's peculiar actions—“He seems so bashful”—A long delayed proposal—Ben, Alice and Jack—“The price of my silence is a good square meal”—John Tarbarrow, the miser—“Leave my house before I strike you down”—A threat—Jack takes a hand—“John Tarbarrow nothing but your gray hair keeps me from breaking this cane over your miserable head.”

ACT II.—John Tarbarrow's store—Barney—“Faith, it's devilish slow your hurry seems to be”—Solomon Isaac, the peddler—“Daddy fears the mortgage will be foreclosed”—“Sure, an' it is a wise mon ye are, Mr. Tarbarrow”—Barney takes a snooze—Tarbarrow plots revenge on Ben—Barney is taken in charge by his wife, Bridget—Cider proves a little too strong for Sally—“We ain't got no use for tramps here”—Squire Gray takes a picture of Cynthia—Treachery—John Tarbarrow accuses Ben of theft—Money found in Ben's pocket—“So you are a thief, Ben Carlton; he, he, he!”—“You will stand where I now stand, John Tarbarrow, under the shadow of a crime.”

ACT III.—Oil well on Squire Gray's farm—“Curse you, Ben Carlton”—“It will all depend upon us striking oil in the next half hour”—Alice and John—More threats—Sally and the cider—“You have had too much cider for once in your life”—Jack's story—Cynthia means to see the business through to the end—Bridget McGuire—John Tarbarrow attempts to foreclose mortgage, but is prevented by oil drillers—“Knock down the first man who attempts to climb that fence”—Sally appears with a can of nitro-glycerine and holds Sheriff and men at bay—“Get back, or I will blow you all to smithereens”—“Hurrah!” oil flows—The mortgage canceled—Sally—“Look out, Jack, it's loaded!”

ACT IV.—Home of Squire Gray—The Squire preparing to celebrate his good fortune—A telltale picture—The clue to Ben's innocence—John Tarbarrow's terms—“I would rather die behind prison bars first”—The hearing—“Faith, I'm glad to see ye all, except ye, ye old lemon face”—Bridget has her say—Tarbarrow's testimony—The picture proves Ben's innocence and John Tarbarrow's guilt—“Bridget, you are a disgrace to the community”—“The well is flowing a full hundred”—“Hurrah! get your pardners for a good old fashioned dance.”

Price 25cts.

Aimed Plays Continued

Page	Play Title	Act	Scene	Page	Play Title	Act	Scene
10	106
11	107
12	108
13	109
14	110
15	111
16	112
17	113
18	114
19	115
20	116
21	117
22	118
23	119
24	120
25	121
26	122
27	123
28	124
29	125
30	126
31	127
32	128
33	129
34	130
35	131
36	132
37	133
38	134
39	135
40	136
41	137
42	138
43	139
44	140
45	141
46	142
47	143
48	144
49	145
50	146
51	147
52	148
53	149
54	150
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56	152
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74	170
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78	174
79	175
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81	177
82	178
83	179
84	180
85	181
86	182
87	183
88	184
89	185
90	186
91	187
92	188
93	189
94	190
95	191
96	192
97	193
98	194
99	195
100	196

Ames' Plays - Continued

101	The Soul	5	7
102	Our Family Dinner	4	8
103	Quittance Family Tea	4	8
104	Pastry Wife, Pot	5	7
105	Pastry Wife, MacArthur	5	8
106	Persecuted Politicians	5	8
107	Professional Gardener	4	8
108	Poor Pilgrims	2	8
109	Put Me Down	7	8
110	Popling the Question	8	4
111	Yakov and His Devils, The	5	7
112	Yakov Family	4	8
113	Yakov's Pie	6	4
114	Yakov's	6	0
115	Yakov's Diamond	6	8
116	Yakov's	2	0
117	Yakov's	5	8
118	Yakov's	5	8
119	Yakov's	2	1
120	Yakov's	4	0
121	Yakov's	7	8
122	Yakov's	6	7
123	Yakov's	6	8
124	Yakov's	5	7
125	Yakov's	5	8
126	Yakov's	2	1
127	Yakov's	4	7
128	Yakov's	4	7
129	Yakov's	4	7
130	Yakov's	4	7
131	Yakov's	4	7
132	Yakov's	4	7
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146	Yakov's	4	7
147	Yakov's	4	7
148	Yakov's	4	7
149	Yakov's	4	7
150	Yakov's	4	7

ETHIOPIAN FARCES

151	Academy of Stars	4	8
152	Black Shermans	4	8
153	Black Stars	4	8

154	Black Stars	4	8
155	Black Stars	4	8
156	Black Stars	4	8
157	Black Stars	4	8
158	Black Stars	4	8
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188	Black Stars	4	8
189	Black Stars	4	8
190	Black Stars	4	8

QUICK DRAMS

191	Black Stars	4	8
192	Black Stars	4	8

MISCELLANEOUS

193	Black Stars	4	8
194	Black Stars	4	8
195	Black Stars	4	8
196	Black Stars	4	8
197	Black Stars	4	8
198	Black Stars	4	8
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220	Black Stars	4	8

